DARK HORSE COMICS
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#27
THE GOON™
by Eric Powell
featuring Kyle Hotz, Rebecca Sugar, and Gris Grimly

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell
colors by Dave Stewart

The Revenge of the Skunk Ape by Kyle Hotz
letters by Blambot's Nate Piekos

Dr. Alloy in
For the Benefit of Underprivileged Inmates
by Rebecca Sugar
inks by Eric Powell

cover art by Gris Grimly

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Zombies provided by Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.
and The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation

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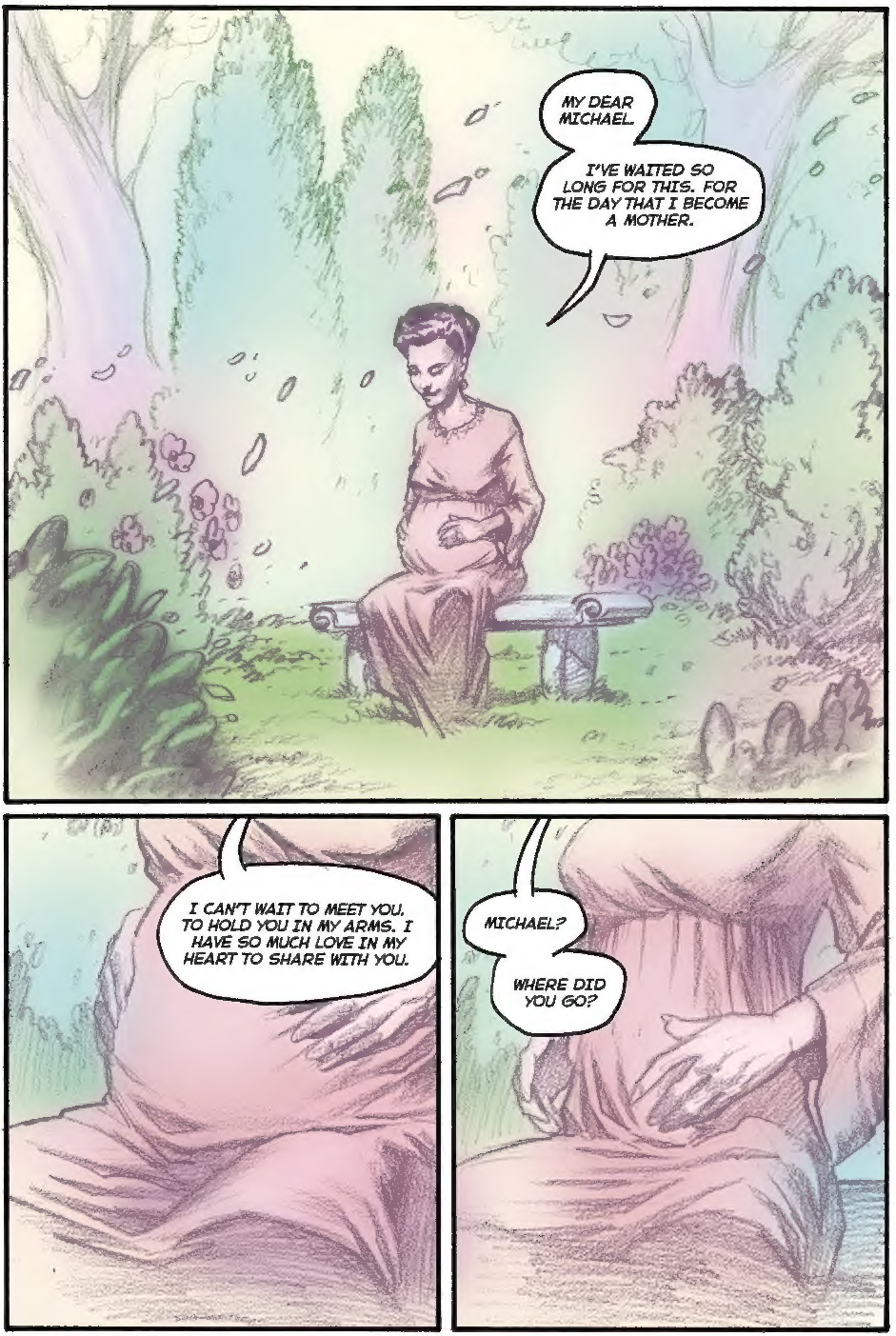
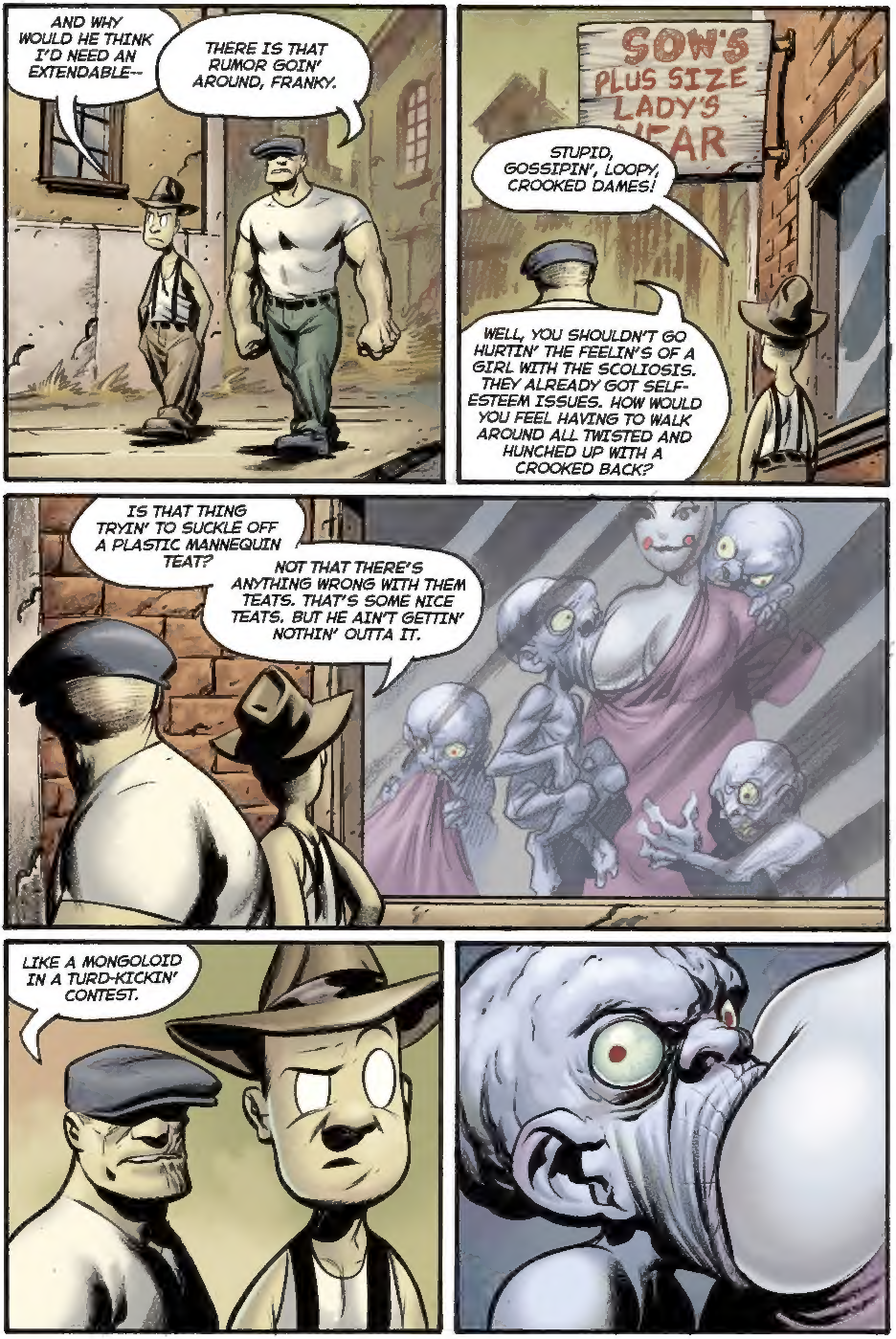

MY DEAR MICHAEL.
I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS. FOR THE DAY THAT I BECOME A MOTHER.
I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET YOU. TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS. I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE IN MY HEART TO SHARE WITH YOU.
MICHAEL?
WHERE DID YOU GO?

TEE-HEE!
OH, THERE YOU ARE, MICHAEL.
MY SWEET, SWEET CHILD.
A KITTY! A PRETTY KITTY!
LOOK, MOMMA, I'M A KNIGHT!
HA-YAH!
YOUR KNIGHT WILL ALWAYS PROTECT YOU!

I KNOW YOU WILL, MICHAEL.
AND YOUR MOMMY LOVES YOU VERY MUCH.


AND WHY WOULD HE THINK I'D NEED AN EXTENDABLE--
THERE IS THAT RUMOR GOIN' AROUND, FRANKY.
SOW'S
PLUS SIZE
LADY'S
STUPID, GOSSIPIN', LOOPY, CROOKED DAMES!
WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T GO HURTIN' THE FEELIN'S OF A GIRL WITH THE SCOLIOSIS. THEY ALREADY GOT SELF-ESTEEM ISSUES. HOW WOULD YOU FEEL HAVING TO WALK AROUND ALL TWISTED AND HUNCHED UP WITH A CROOKED BACK?
IS THAT THING TRYIN' TO SUCKLE OFF A PLASTIC MANNEQUIN TEAT?
NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH THEM TEATS. THAT'S SOME NICE TEATS. BUT HE AIN'T GETTIN' NOTHIN' OUTTA IT.
LIKE A MONGOLOID IN A TURD-KICKIN' CONTEST.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT ANALOGY.
KRASH!

HEY! THEM THINGS BROKE THE WINDOW!
JUST SAYIN'.
THAT'S SUCH A FUNNY LITTLE DANCE, MICHAEL.
THUD!
OOPS!
CRASH!
OH DEAR!

HOLD THAT ONE'S HEAD UP! I'LL STAB HIM IN THE FACE WITH THIS HERE HALF A GIN BOTTLE!
MUUMMA!
NOW WHERE ARE THEY RUNNIN' OFF TO?

THE END

HAPPY
the disproportionate fellow "Mother Nature's CRUEL Joke"
Francis
GOAT
THE REVENGE OF THE SKUNK APE
COLORS BY DAV
NATE PIEKOS

WOK
GOON! JEEZ! WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR? VASO WAS MY BEST SASQUATCH.
NOBODY RIDES FOR FREE IN MY TOWN, POACHY NOT EVEN SECOND-RATE FREAK PEDDLERS LIKE YOU
HUMAN ODDITIES, GOON, PLEASE.

EVERYBODY HAS TO PUT SOMETHING INTO THE KITTY.
COME ON, GOON, I JUST PAID YOU LAST MONTH, AND, I MEAN, YOU KNOW HOW THIS TOWN IS--YOU GOT ZOMBIES ON THE LEFT, FURRY LITTLE SACKS A' TEETH ON THE RIGHT, AND SHINY ROBOT SUPERVILLAINS ON THE LEFT.
THAT'S TWO LEFTS, POACHY--ABOUT WHAT I'M FIXIN' TO PLANT IN YOUR SPLEEN IF YOU DON'T PAY UP.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, GOON. IN A TOWN WHAT HAS THIS MANY FREAKS JUST WALKIN' AROUND THE STREETS HAPPY AS YOU PLEASE, AIN'T NOBODY GONNA PAY TO SEE A GOAT BORN WITH BOTH KINDS OF SEX ORGANS.
EVEN IF IT WASN'T FAKE.
ACTUALLY, I'D PAY TO SEE THAT.
STILL, YOUR STORY HAS TOUCHED THE DEPTHS OF MY HEART, POACH. I'M NOT GONNA BEAT MY TRIBUTE MONEY OUTTA YOU AFTER ALL...
...NOT UNTIL TOMORROW.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, POACH.
JEEZ, GOON, I KINDA EXPECTED YOU TO GO A LITTLE EASIER ON HIM. WHAT WITH YOUR SOFT SPOT FOR CIRCUS FOLK AND ALL.
POACHY AIN'T CIRCUS FOLK. HE'S A GREASY LITTLE RAT WHO'D TIE HIS OWN SWEET MA UP NEKKID IN A CAGE IF HE THOUGHT IT'D SELL A TICKET. WHO'S THE KID?
Oh, THIS HERE'S LITTLE GRAHAM ELLROY. SAY, GOON, YOU REMEMBER THAT BIG SWEATY BABOON THAT WON YOU THE PIE-EATIN' CONTEST COUPLE YEARS BACK?
HOW COULD I FORGET. STINKIN' APE WON THE WHOLE DAMN THING, THEN MADE OFF WITH MY LOOT. SOMETHIN' ABOUT GETTIN' RIPPED OFF BY AN EXTINCT MONKEY JUST DON'T SIT RIGHT WITH A FELLA.
YEAH, IT'S A MATTER OF E-VOLUTION, GOON. ANYWAY, I WAS MAKIN' THE DELIVERY OF TAINTED CLAMS TO THE GRADE-SCHOOL LUNCH LADY WHEN I BUMPED INTO LITTLE GRAHAM HERE.
GO AHEAD, GRAHAM CRACKER, TELL GOON WHAT YOU TOLD ME.
POP

WHAT'S YER STORY, KID?
MY TEACHER STINKS, AND LOOKS LIKE A SHAVED-DOWN GORILLA.
THAT'S IT?
TELL HIM THE REST, KID.
AND SHE LIKES PIE.
LET'S GO

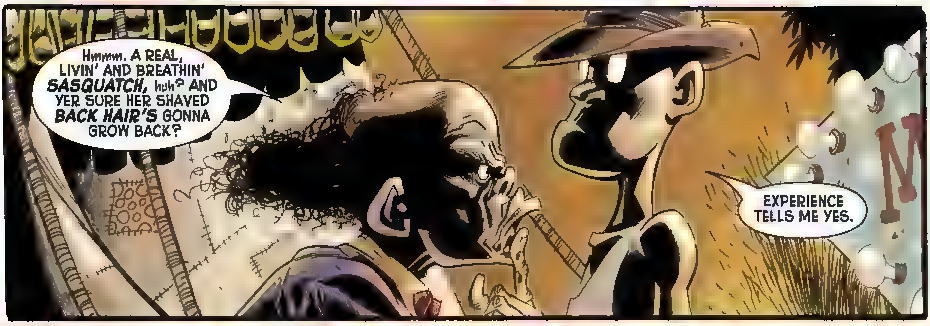
WELL, WHATTAYA THINK? IS SHE HIM? IT? IS IT HER-- I MEAN HIM. IS IT THE APE?
SHAVED DOWN, MAYBE. ONLY ONE WAY TO BE SURE.
YER GONNA HAVE TO SEE HOW BAD IT SMELLS.
YEAH, I--
WHAT?!

sniff sniff
WHATTAYA THINK?
YOU KNOW, GIVEN THE CALIBER OF WOMEN I'M KNOWN TO RUN WITH, YOU'D THINK MY NOSE'D BE USED TO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING--
--BUT THAT IS ONE SMELLY BROAD
CRUNCH!
OKAY, APE, COUGH IT UP MY MONEY, NOT THE APPLE
NOT TALKIN', hun, STINKY?
Mmmph?
CRAK

LISTEN, TEACH, YOU GOT FIVE SECONDS TO COUGH UP MY MONEY OR I'M GONNA PUT YOU IN TIME OUT.
AND I AIN'T TALKING ABOUT S.TTIN' IN THE CORNER WEARIN' A POINTY HAT.
MMmm-phl
GET UP, FRANKIE, IT'S RABBITIN'--

Merrrph?
NO SCHOOLMARM GIVES ME THE BUM'S RUSH. NOT EVEN A BALD MONKEY!
HANG ON A MINUTE, FRANKIE. GIVIN' IT A POKE IN THE EYE AIN'T GONNA GET ME MY MONEY BACK. I GOT A BETTER IDEA.

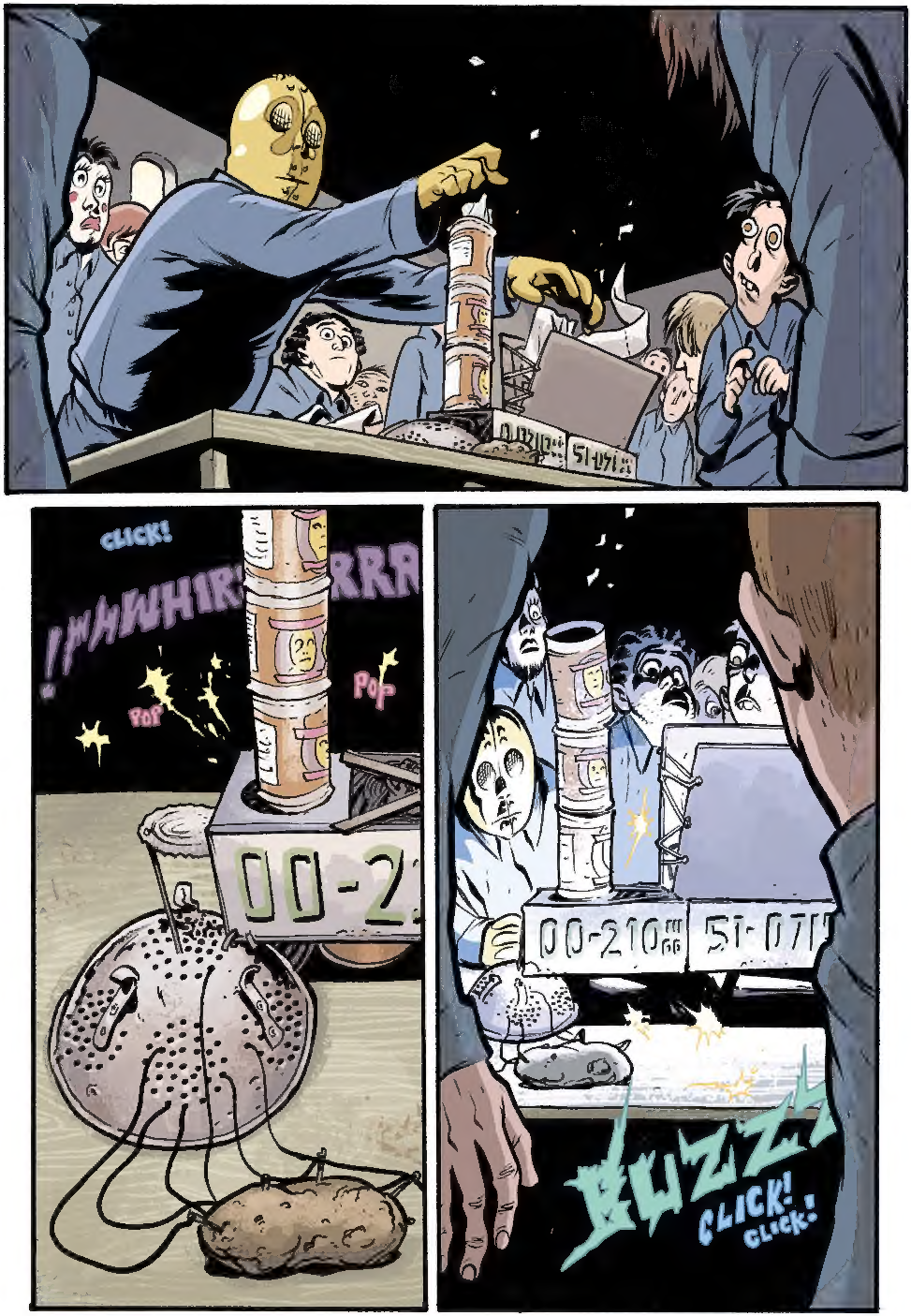
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS ON THE DOLLAR TICKET SALES, POACH. EIGHTY ON MERCHANDISE.
SO, TELL ME WHAT YOU GOT IN MIND, GOON.
YEAH, YOU KNOW, PUNCHING BAGS AND WHAT HAVE YOU. BIGFOOT BB-GUN TARGETS. FOR KIDS.


Hmmm. A REAL, LIVIN' AND BREATHIN' SASQUATCH, huh? AND YER SURE HER SHAVED BACK HAIR'S GONNA GROW BACK?
EXPERIENCE TELLS ME YES.

OKAY, BOYS, YOU GOT A DEAL.
HEY MA, YOU CAN GET DRESSED AND GET OFF THE STAGE! WE GOT US A NEW HEADLINER!

KARMA.
SAY WHAT?
KARMA, GOON. THAT'S WHAT THE FRENCH CALL IT. WHEN SOMEONE TRIES TO RIP YOU OFF, BUT ENDS UP WITH A KNIFE TO THE EYE. OR GETTIN' SOLD TO A TWO-BIT FREAKSHOW.
YEAH, WELL I'M NOT SO SURE THAT FRENCH STUFF APPLIES TO MONKEYS. EXTINCT OR OTHERWISE.
POACHY'S EMPORIUM of the UNUSUAL
SAY, GOON, WHATTAYA THINK THAT APE DID WITH ALL YER MONEY, ANYWAY?
BEATS ME.
FULL-BODY WAXING. THAT'S WHAT I THINK. COST A BUNDLE TO MAKE A GAL THAT HAIRY SO BRAZILIAN. TRUST ME.
FRANKIE, ONLY YOU WOULD KNOW WHAT IT'D COST TO SHAVE A MONKEY BALD.
I'M A MAN OF THE WORLD, GOON
YEAH, MAYBE IT'S JUST KARMA.
HELLO? ANYBODY HOME? IT'S DONNIE FROM YORGO'S PIES WITH YOUR WEEKLY DELIVERY.
STEAMIN' HOT, JUST LIKE YOU LIKE 'EM.
THE END

DR ALLOY IN
FOR THE BENEFIT OF UNDERPRIVILEGED INMATES
BY REBECCA SUGAR
00-210
51-071


CLICK!
POP
POP
BUZZ
CLICK!
CLICK!

THE END

EMPIRE
G8T